

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. T'were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse ieaiousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in feare to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark?

Quee. How now Ophelia.

She sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse Greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain snow

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweete flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go, *Song.*
With true loue showers.

King. How do you pretty Lady?

Oph. VVell good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers
daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee
may be; God be at your table.

King.

Prince of Denmark

King. Conceit vpon her

Oph. Pray lets haue no v

what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines d

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond h

Let in the maide, that out a

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed without an o

By gis and by Saint charity

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doore't if th

by Cock they are to blan

Quoth she, before you tum

(He answers) So should I a

And thou hadst r

King. How long hath sh

Oph. I hope all will be w

chuse but weep to think th

brother shall know of it, &

Come my Coach, God nig

Sweet Ladies God night, &

King. Follow her close.

O this is the poison of deep

death, and now behold, O

When sorrowes come, they

But in battalians: first her

Next, your sonne gone, and

Of his owne iust remoue, t

Thick and vnwholsome i

For good Polonius death: &

In hugger mugger to inter

Diuided from her selfe, and

Without the which we ar

Last, and as much contain

Her brother is in secret co

Feeds on this wonder, kee